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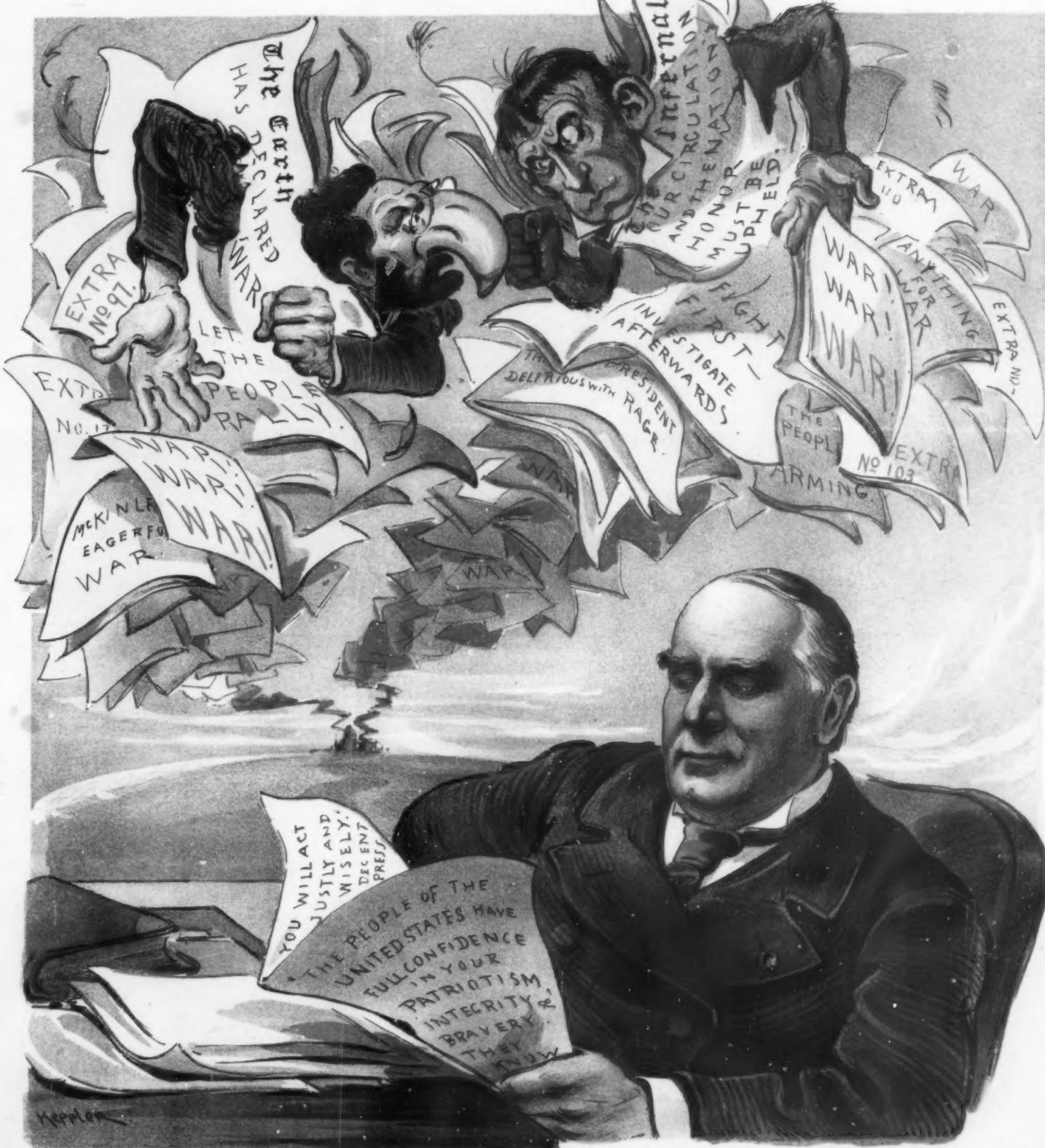
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2nd COPY
1898.

Puck

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HONOR TO MCKINLEY!



HE FEARED BANKRUPTCY.



AM IN debt to you, I know.
A world of owing this is!
But if you'll call to-morrow, Joe,
I'll pay you off in kisses."

And, knowing she had lovers right
And left (yes, to his sorrow).
He said: "You'd better pay to-night;
You may be broke to-morrow."

James Courtney Challiss.

WANTED EVERYTHING CLEAR.

EDITOR.—I shall want about five hundred words on the subject I mentioned.

NEW REPORTER.—Yes, sir;—about what size do you want the words?

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

BROWN.—Is he absent-minded?

JONES.—Well, I should say so! Why, I've known him to lend his wheel!

WHENEVER WE can give anybody the impression that we know more than we will tell we feel that we have accomplished something.

A SENSE OF our own superiority and a hope that it will ultimately be recognized are about the only things that make life worth living.



"But where under the sun am I to carry it? Both grips full to overflowing, and a gun besides? Ah! I know;—here in my blouse!"



"This is quite a convenient place. An old school-boy trick for carrying his books."



"I tell you what, this walking miles and miles under a hot tropical sun does n't do a thing but warm you up. This egg does n't get any cooler, either."



"What is that? Did n't I hear something cracking?"



THE NEWBORN.—Good morning, Mama!



"Good-by, old Incubator!"



THE AFRICAN TRAVELER (as the newborn vanishes in the distance).—The next time I go hunting ostrich eggs I'll bring an ice-chest along.

A LIVELY FIND.

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THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.—Ha! Ha! What luck! Something I have been looking for for months! An ostrich's egg.

DARK DAYS.

FRIEND.—I suppose you've had some hard experiences?

RETURNED KLONDIKER.—Oh, yes! I've seen times when we had n't a thing but money.



JOHNNY'S VIEW.

MAMA.—You eat so much candy it's no wonder you have a toothache.

JOHNNY.—It can't be the candy, Mama. I eat candy with all my teeth, and there's only one that aches.

IN THE CHILKOOT PASS.

"It strikes me," said the ex-Harlemite, as he made his way forward, slowly and painfully, "that the Klondike is something like Harlem."

"How?" asked the other ex-Harlemite.

"It needs Rapid Transit."

AS NEARLY as we can learn, by talking with different people, a man who goes to the Klondike is a fool, and a man who stays at home is a stick-in-the-mud.

WHEN a man is his own worst enemy it is generally a rather one-sided fight.

A COLLOQUY



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IV.

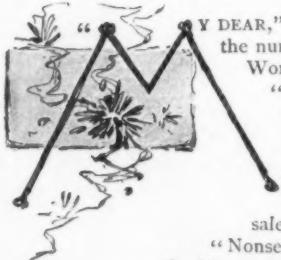
"If I were a woman," said he, "I'd guess
No end of things one could n't express:
I'd guess the words one dared not say,
I'd guess the part one dared not play—
Guess one's timidity—guess one's woe,
Guess that one liked—no, loved—me so
One had n't the heart to voice one's plea,
If I were a woman," said he.

V.

"If I were a man," said she, "I vow
I'd ask no girl to show me how
To banish every single doubt
Concerning the points you fret about.
I'd instantaneously understand
That here in her muff she hides her hand,
And that, should I take it, nobody could see,
If I were a man," said she.

Manley H. Pike.

AN EXPLANATION.



"Y DEAR," said Mr. Brown, "if I am not mistaken, one of the numerous organizations to which you belong is the Women's Cold Water Society of the United States."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "Marie Antoinette Lodge, No. 1762."

"And the motto of the society is 'Agitate, agitate?'"

"Yes."

"And the object is to increase the sale of Wiggins' Washing Powder?"

"Nonsense! The object is to suppress the liquor traffic."

"Indeed? But have I not heard you on numerous occasions during the last three months enthusiastically praise Wiggins's Washing Powder, and fiercely denounce people who do not use it? Have I not heard Mrs. Jones, the Recording Secretary of your lodge, advocate the boycott of all grocers who do not sell Wiggins's Washing Powder? Have I not heard Mrs. Robinson, the Past Grand Worthy Mistress of your lodge, demand legislation to oblige all citizens to use Wiggins's Washing Powder, under penalty of not less than six months and not more than five years' imprisonment for each offence?"

"Oh, well! you see, the proprietor of Wiggins's Washing Powder has agreed to pay into our treasury one cent for every wrapper of the Powder that is returned to him, and we are trying to get the members to use the Powder and send the wrappers to the Society."

"I see. That is why the suppression of the liquor traffic excites a comparatively languid interest at present."

MONEY TO BURN.

"It would be interesting if we could annex the Klondike."

"Why?"

"We would soon have a Senatorial election that would discount any we have seen yet."

PEOPLE WHO think everything should be run to suit them have a big majority; but they can't agree on a policy.



UP TO DATE.

NEW YORK CITIZEN.—Here, boy! I want a paper!

NEWSBOY.—White er yaller?

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BY WILLISTON FISH.

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XIV.—MR. CLINE.

ECOND-LIEUT. ALBERT MCVAY and civilian John Shaw, late of the army, were pretty close friends. Friendship is a matter of dignity only in men of ripe years and lofty attainment who think only of themselves and a set of old habits; but for mere young men full of mere vigor, who had merely gone through West Point together and afterward merely soldiered together three years, McVay and Shaw were pretty close friends. Between them there was but one subject reserved from speech.

In McVay's eyes the one lovely being who had visited West Point during his time was Miss Ruth Lancaster. On the day of graduation, McVay, accompanied by Shaw, set out on horseback through the country, making a journey to Ruth's home in Syracuse. But on the evening of their arrival in the little city, McVay saw in the local paper carelessly read at the hotel dinner, the announcement of the marriage of Lieutenant H. Ainé and Miss Lancaster. The next morning the men rode away. This was the matter reserved from speech.

The friends had been separated for some months, Shaw having left the army, when McVay stopped in Chicago, returning from a visit to his old home. Shaw supposed his friend had no other purpose than to see him. But there was another matter in his mind.

"Shaw," he said, "is n't Ainé stationed in Milwaukee?"

"Yes," said Shaw, looking away; "he is."

"I am going up there."

Shaw could say nothing else, so he said, "When?"

"Why, to-day! No harm in it?"

"No; there is n't, I'm glad you're going."

"Well, it's four years: I want to see her again. Come with me."

"I'll do it," said Shaw, quite enthusiastic now he found himself included in McVay's plans; "we'll go by boat this evening."

By turns through the day, McVay was sober and boisterous. "These generous words of praise belong to cheap novels. They would have me say that Ainé is, after all, an ornament to his profession, a scholar and a worthy man; but he ornaments his profession only with his clothes; his brain is a filament and he is a pelican." McVay wished Shaw to see that he preserved the integrity of his mind.

This was in early June. About sunset the friends walked to the dock and bought tickets at a shore office, where they were told to apply on board for berths. They walked onward and looked at the people about: the solitary people, the parties, the drummers, the sad, thoughtful family with the happy, thoughtless children. What a sensation when one sees starting from a gallery of strange faces a familiar face! The friends saw Ainé.

He stood smoking a cigar, and maintaining a statuesque attitude,

as if he were a revival of some magnificent period of art. He wore whiskers parted in the middle, and from these and his look of disdain one could not have inferred less than that he was, in some way, quite unconnected with base business or laborious art or anything else in vulgar particular, of most tremendous and mortifying importance.

"Why, hullo!" said McVay. "How are you?"

"How de do? Where are you going?"

"Milwaukee," replied McVay, largely. "You're looking about the same. How is Mrs. Ainé?"

"Quite well, I thank you."

"Any children?"

"One."

"Boy or girl?"

"We have a little daughter."

"How do you happen here? I thought you had retired. No: that was Souse Johnson. You look so much alike I got the name mixed. Shaw, we better get our berths."

"Oh! have n't you those yet? It is late to get them now. Always in Milwaukee I send my clerk down in advance, and I sent the orderly over from headquarters here yesterday. Oh, yes!"

Shaw and McVay did not allow Ainé to see that he caused them concern, but their elbows and feet took them on pretty rapidly through the crowd. The upper deck was full, and the friends had to take their place at the end of a tail of people at the berth-office as long as the line of Egypt's forgotten kings. The talk at the window was not encouraging. The clerk was constantly saying, "No; those are all." "Anyway," said McVay, "we won't let Ainé know of our outcast state."

"We'll claim we got the bridal chamber."

"Why, of course!" So they pushed along from one leg to the other until they reached the window, where they found there was but one lower berth left, lower 1 in No. 31, which was a double room. McVay took this, and Shaw took upper 1 in the same room.

Ainé, who had waited till the crowd dispersed, now came up and fluttered a piece of paper, saying, "My room, please; lower 1 in No. 31, H. Ainé."

"Another man has that," reported the clerk.

"No, sir! I ordered it yesterday. My clerk—"

"You must have spoken for a different date."

"Not at all," replied Ainé, coldly. But the tone did not freeze the clerk, who shut the window. "Well, I declare!" said Ainé, removing his glasses, putting them in his pocket and immediately taking them out and replacing them over his weak eyes; "this is shameful!"

The clerk came out and locked the door. "Now, see here," began Ainé, "what are you going to do for me?"

"You can have an upper."

"No, sir."

"You can have a cot."

"I want lower 1 in No. 31."

"It's engaged, I tell you."

"We have a couple of berths in 31," said McVay, affably to the clerk; "won't you tell us who has lower 1?"

"I'll go you," gracefully responded the clerk, who went in and consulted the book again. "It's J. C. Cline."

"It's my berth," said Ainé; but Ainé was in disrepute, and no one heeded him.

(Continued on 14th page, this number.)



PUCK.



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A REALIST.

MAMA.—What kind of a dollie do you want, Mildred?
LITTLE MILDRED.—I want one that will cry when I spank her.

HE GETS THE DROPS ON PEOPLE.

JORKINS.—Drugged and robbed! Why don't you have some action taken in the matter?

JOBSON.—I can't. I suppose the fellow had my permission. You see, he was my doctor.

IN PARIS.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Have you ever had any unpleasantness with Monsieur Allons-Marchons?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Nothing worth mentioning. Nothing more than a duel or two.



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THE 17TH.

SANDY MCKINTOSH (*enthusiastically, as the procession goes by*).—Hoot, mon!
O'MALLY (*angrily*).—Hoot them? You red-whiskered sassenach! Hoot them wance an' O'll break yez red hid wid dthis cloob!



A LINGUAL TANGLE.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—While I was at the village this afternoon I heard a drummer in Hopper's store say he had just read that Hi Ching Lang — h'm! — that don't sound right; Hang Ling Chi — no; Lang Chung Hi — er-h'm! — lemme see! It's Hang — no; Chi Lung Hang — Oh, pshaw! — Ching — no, Lung —

MRS. HORNBEAK.—Mercy on us, Ezry! What in time are you tryin' to git off?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Why, I was just goin' to say that Hing Lung Chi — oh, drat it! Chang, Lang, Hang, Jang, Dang; or, whatever it is —

MRS. HORNBEAK.—Great day, Ezry! What nonsense are you tryin' to recite? You talk like a dinner-bell!

FARMER HORNBEAK.—I guess I do, for a fact. I was tryin' to say the name of that great Japanese or Chinese statesman.

MRS. HORNBEAK.—Oh! you mean Li Hung Chang. Well, what about him?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—I—I dunno.

AN INSTANCE.

MAY.—Miss Passay has some peculiar opinions.
BERTHA.—Yes; I think she is the only one who considers it singular that she should be single.



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OBSERVATION.

LORD ST. AGNANT.—I say, old man, deuced queer people in this country.

LORD NOZOO.—Yes; neveh let y' know when they're going to tell a joke, y' know.

HOW HE FIXED THE TIME.

FIRST KLONDIKER.—Do you remember the day I got here?
SECOND KLONDIKER.—Of course! It was the day last Winter we did n't have a blizzard.

THROUGH OTHER SPECTACLES.

MOTH.—We're getting up a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects and to Accomplish the Weeding Out of Camphor." Will you join us?

POTATO BUG.—You bet your boots I will! — if there's a clause in it against Paris green!

PUCK.

A GARDEN OF GIRLS.

(*Mr. Subbub, of Lonesomehurst, ponders.*)



THE FIRELIGHT flashes red and blue
Between the lumps of coke,
(We can't use coal, for if we do
The room is filled with smoke.)
Amid the shadows dancing free,
And wavering to and fro,
Peer out upon my reverie
The girls of long ago.

There's Bridget — ah! she was the first —
Three days we saw her face
And then she went from Lonesomehurst —
She did n't "loike th' place."
Christine, the next, the flaxen-haired
Did not her trunk unpack;
Of burglars she was sore afraid,
And took the "early" back.

Mathilda would n't carry coal,
And promptly turned us down.
Eliza left us in a hole —
We were "so far from town."
The washing hoodooed Ann; and Jane
Of tramps was leery, too;
While Nora paused to just explain
"The neighbors are so few."

The galaxy has fled. I sit
Alone, and stir the blaze,
(For if I don't keep stirring it
The very deuce it plays.)
Alone, I say, like one accurst,
And watch the ashes swirl,
For such is life at Lonesomehurst
When wife must be the girl.

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE PRIMEVAL CAUSE.

"Pardon me, Colonel," began the inquisitive tourist from the North; "but I understand that the long-continued Corkright-Bludsoe vendetta is finally over?"

"Yes, suh!" replied the titled son of the Dark and Bloody Ground; "the Corkright honah has been vindicated at last, suh! The last of the Bludsoes was wiped out day befo' yestuhday."

"Excuse me, but do you mind telling me how the trouble began?"

"No, suh. It commenced ovuh — h'm! — hah! — let me see! Why, suh — Ah! Gran'fathuh, what caused yo' great-gran'fathuh and old Remington Bludsoe to fuhest fall out?"

"Eh?" returned the aged grandsire, raking around in his memory. "Why, they — h'm! — I believe it was ovuh a brindle pup, wo'th about six bits."

BLESSED IS the man who can not be spoiled by good fortune, nor by bad fortune.

A CONTRIVANCE FOR COMFORT.



ARABELLA.— That is a peculiar-looking contrivance you have attached to the back of your sleigh, Mr. Uptodate.



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FLOURISHING.

MISS REDDING.— Well, I don't think they have much of a family tree!

JACK DE WITTE.— No, but there are golden apples on it.

THOSE WONDERFUL DETECTIVES.

"Have you had any success in clearing up that murder mystery, Mr. Sleuth?"

"Great, sir; great! We have cleared up all doubts as to its being a mystery."

ONE OF MANY.

CLARA.— Yes; I've attended half a dozen progressive euchre parties.

BELLE.— Did you enjoy them?

CLARA.— Very much! I've become so interested that I am thinking of learning to play euchre.

COULD N'T PASS IT.

FINNIGAN.— Wuz it th' police hot bruk up th' parade?

O'HAULIHAN.— No; it wor Casey's saloon.

A CONTRIVANCE FOR COMFORT.



MR. UPTERDATE (pulling the string as the snowballing commences).— Yes; but it is mighty convenient at times. I have been out sleighing before.

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT. IT is a point of interest in the great Scheme of Things that a multitude of conflicting opinions may be held concerning most matters. It is also of interest that but one opinion can be held about certain other matters. The variety of opinions as to what makes a wise fiscal policy, a sound money-system or safe immigration-laws is practically endless. So is the variety of opinions as to what must be done to keep the thing we call national honor. But there is only one opinion as to the necessity of keeping it; nor is there any exception to the opinion that the first requisite to keeping it is that we shall not swerve one single hair's breadth from the line of justice to other nations. It may for the moment seem otherwise to one who judges from less than all the facts. He may hear one citizen proclaim that "we ought to declare war against Spain to-morrow," and another that "we can not afford to fight Spain or any other nation," and he may infer therefrom that those citizens are at variance on the main issue. Yet the one opinion back of those conflicting declarations is exactly the same, to wit: "We should make war if justice to ourselves demands it, and we should not make war unless justice to ourselves does demand it."

Either of these citizens would inevitably announce this as his conviction if he stood, for example, in President's McKinley's place. Both would recognize, under that responsibility, that the man who goes ahead before he knows he is right is a weak fool. In other words, these citizens exercise the fullest license in speech for the reason that they are not in positions of responsibility, and because they know such license will not swerve the President from the exact line of conduct which they would follow if they shared his responsibility. On this point we are glad to note that the people are as nearly one as they are on the main point that war should not be made without just cause. President McKinley's thoroughly admirable

behavior has brought out a hearty expression of confidence from the entire country, one that is wholly free from partisanship, or sectionalism or small-beer politics. And this confidence in his coolness, wisdom and untainted patriotism ought to be as much a thing of pride to the people who feel it as it must be to the man who has aroused it. We must have peace with honor up to the very day that we can not have honor with peace. That is all any good citizen means, no matter how clumsily he expresses it; and our President's level-headed realization of it raises him as high in the esteem of his countrymen as any citizen of this Republic can hope to rise.

FOR SPOILSMEN INTOLERANCE OF the negro as a citizen and an equal because of the color of his skin is a well-defined and very serious stain upon our civilization.

We would look vainly among the most barbarous tribes of the earth for a more frightful atrocity than the one lately committed at Lake City, South Carolina. Denin, "the City of Blood," of which we have lately heard, was a place in which murder was practiced with a truly religious cruelty and a frequency that must have made it tame. But the most sickening diversions of its savage king never equalled in deviltry the performance of those men of South Carolina who set fire to the dwelling of their postmaster, and shot down him and his family as they fled, including a babe in arms in the slaughter.

The evil of it was most appalling and incredible. Yet crimes of this character are not infrequent in the South, and the race-hatred that prompts them, ugly as it is, must be recognized and treated scientifically. We know it exists in the minds of the Southern people, and we know that nothing will put it out but a growth to higher ideals of civilization. They will continue to murder officials of objectionable color until they themselves learn better; and they can not be made to learn better one bit more quickly by forcing those objectionable officials upon them. The victim of this outrage received his appointment as a reward for services rendered to the Republican party. There is reason to believe that he was incompetent, and there is no question but that he was intensely obnoxious to the people he was forced upon.

This being so, it follows that the real instigators of the crime were the men who secured the appointment of the victim. And it follows just as clearly that back of them was the arch-criminal,—the Spoils System. It dictated the appointment of a man known to be objectionable and, probably, to be unfit; and it forbade any heed being paid to the protests of the community that he was unfit and unwelcome. And so, without in the least extenuating the evil of race-hatred, or in the least palliating the inhuman outrage in which it found expression, we hold this utterly vicious system of politics to be primarily responsible for the crime. The people of Lake City, no matter what their prejudices, have as clear a right to a postmaster that suits them as the people of a quiet New England town, who never had a race problem. And the system that disregards this right must be held responsible for its results, whether they are lynchings in the South or harmless boycotts in the North.

LINES ON SPRING.

WRITTEN BY A CITY POET.



I.
EARLY Spring I gayly sing,
Of Spring and April showers;
The season vernal and supernal
Shows now its sweetest flowers.

II.
The golden rod doth gayly nod
To all the passing breezes;
The asphodel or calomel
My vagrant fancy pleases.

III.
The sumachs red their glory shed,
The cowslips dot with scarlet
The upland mead, where anise seed
Hangs free for any varlet.

IV.
The berries ripe and cherries red
Are ready for your pail;
And from a tree I hear the glee
Of robin and of quail.

V.
The chestnut blooms like leafy plumes
Peep out from verdant bower;
From buckwheat fields a fragrance yields
As from a million flowers.

VI.
And meadow rue and asters blue
Add to the general cheer,
While on the lea the gay sweet pea
Gives proof that Spring is here.

Charles Battell Loomis.

OPEN SESAME.

"A crust of bread?" faltered the pilgrim.
"None," brusquely answered the citizen.
"A pallet of straw?"
"No."
"Any theory as to the cause of the destruction of the 'Maine'?"
Here the portal swung wide, and the mendicant was bidden enter.



CONSCIENCE STRICKEN.

MISS OLETIMER (reading her fate in the cards).—Beware of a fair young man who wishes to marry you. A handsome, dark man loves you despite your coldness toward him. He will be constant even after your girlhood days are past, and will wait long years for you; but, you will refuse him to the end. Oh, Kitty-Cat! I am a cruel, cruel coquette!



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CASTING PEARLS BEFORE

PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

BEFORE — SILVERITES.

PUCK.

THE SAGE OF KOHACK.



"GE," REMARKED the Kohack Philosopher, ruminatingly, "either ripens or sours a man. One recalls the knocks he has received and lays them to ill-luck, and growls that he never had a fair show; another realizes that he was a fool who fooled with foolishness and got repaid with the rod which was ordained for the fool's back, profits by the rewards of his folly, and comes out ripe, philosophical and wise, as far as the little wisdom which is vouchsafed to men goes."

"Bein' wise, he don't greatly desire to live his life over again, realizin' his liability to be a bigger fool the second trip than he was the first time. To be sure, the grass is n't as green now as it was when he paddled barefooted in the dew with the nail of his superior toe turned back like the clasp of an old-fashioned wallet—the grass is n't as green, but neither is he. The fish don't bite as freely as they used to, nor does he. Now that he is obliged to wear spectacles, all that glitters is not gold; but he is able to detect a gold brick when it is offered him."

"Durin' my long, and, I trust, somewhat useful career, I have acquired some bits of wisdom. I've learned that before submittin' to the inevitable, the real smart man takes pains to make certain that it is the inevitable. I have reached the decision that the man who says that every man has his price is usually some feller who is marked away down below cost. I have noticed that the man who used to have money to burn can now be generally found sittin' in the ashes. I have discovered that the wise man always gives his wife her own way, thus savin' her the trouble of takin' it, anyhow. The belief has grown upon me



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NOT IN THAT CATEGORY.

FATHER.—Daughter, you know it is Lent and I would like you to keep your mind off worldly things. You have done nothing but think of that new dress for the last week. I repeat, keep your mind off worldly things!

DAUGHTER (*in amazement*).—Why, Papa, there is n't anything worldly about *this* dress. It is perfectly heavenly!

through life; and, while I don't say any one of 'em was a mite too dear at the price I paid, I believe that the most valuable acquisition I ever made in the way of a lesson was when I had it beaten into my head that the best remedy for the trials and disappointments of life is just to grin and bear it."

Tom P. Morgan.



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NO TIME TO LOSE.

CLERK.—The A. O. H. parade is coming up the street.

DRUGGIST.—Hurry up and take in that "Orange Phosphate" sign!

that very few people believe in hell, except for somebody else. Each year it has become more and more evident to me that the man who made the first comic valentines, nine hundred and sixty-one years ago, is still alive, and has n't thought of anything new since. I have become thoroughly convinced that the people who make mistakes are the ones who make everything else; the infallible man who never makes a mistake is keepin' books on an E-flat salary for the other feller. I have taken notice that while that romantic old Pocahontas legend is every now and then exploded by some enterprisin' investigator, he is never able to overcome the multitudinous evidences that John Smith was saved by somebody. I have come to think that the man who has spent the better part of his life in growin' a long beard is properly rewarded by discoverin' that the only practical result of his labors is that everybody calls him 'whiskers.'

"These and many other truths I have learned durin' my journey



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A MATERIALIST.

THE DUCK.—Then you don't believe in the transmigration of souls?

THE ROOSTER.—No; I take no stock in a future life of any kind. I think that when we're boiled or roasted that's the end of us.

THE HOME-COMING.



HERE IS mud in the highway and byway, and my way
To my cot in the dell from where the train stops
Needs more of athletics than peripatetics,
For I cover the ground with skips, jumps and hops.

How I pick out the high spots and dry spots as my spots,
For places to jump on from this one to next,
With the nicest precision and keenness of vision—
I delight in the game, and never am vexed!

Till at last on the dry land of my land now I land,
And doff my goloshes outside of the door;
And my perilous trip with my bundles and grip
Has successfully closed, and I'm safe home once more!

W. L. W.

"THE ONLY WAY TO READ THE FUTURE IS BY THE PAST."

CASSIDY.—Oh! wurra! wurra! av Oi iver get rid av this hidache, Oi 'll never touch another dhrop as long as Oi live!

MRS. CASSIDY.—Thot's phwat ye wore sayin' th' day afther lasht Saint Pathrick's Day.

CASSIDY.—Ut wore?

MRS. CASSIDY.—Ut wore.

CASSIDY.—Faix, thin, ut's phwat Oi 'll be sayin' th' day afther nixt Saint Pathrick's Day, glory be!

THE FARMER THE FOUNDATION OF PROSPERITY.

BUNCO BILL.—There's no use talking, business is improving. The farmers are feeling easier than for four years past.

GRANGER GRIPP.—No dream, Pardner! I can report three gold brick sales, eight checks cashed, and sixteen jays shown around town, for last week, as against nothing but the sale of a ticket to Central Park for the corresponding week of last year.

HIS ADVICE.

EDITOR.—One of my fair subscribers wants to know how to change the color of her hair.

CALLER.—What would you say?

EDITOR.—I shall advise her to marry some nice young man to reform him.

ALL THE world does not love a lover; a certain portion of it considers him a chump.

MAN WAS made to mourn and woman was made to make him.



AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT.

"I'm ashamed to ask you; but if you could—" "Don't ask me for anything. I've just had to put up my watch." "Exactly. That's why I thought you'd be flush."

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Pabst Malt Extract The Best Tonic

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SOHMER BUILDING
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Who would prescribe only tonics and bitters for a weak, puny child? Its muscles and nerves are so thoroughly exhausted that they cannot be whipped into activity. The child needs food; a blood-making, nerve-strengthening and muscle-building food.

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of Cod-Liver Oil is all of this, and you still have a tonic in the hypophosphites of lime and soda to act with the food. For thin and delicate children there is no remedy superior to it in the world. It means growth, strength, plumpness and comfort to them. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

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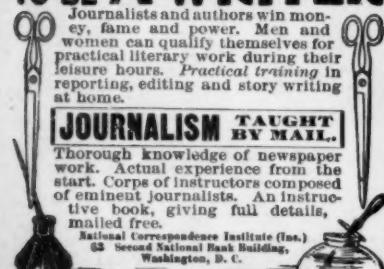
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CUSTOMER.—Oh! I don't want to wait till then! — *Roxbury Gazette*.

"HARD luck," cried the poor fellow as the horseshoe over the door fell on his head. — *Princeton Tiger*.

LIVING up to ideals is like doing every day work with your Sunday clothes on. — *Atchison Globe*.

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Mellowness of Age,
Exquisite Flavor and
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Is the
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Choice.

SHE.—Did you see that Bird of Paradise on Mrs. Styles's hat, at the theatre, last night?

HE.—That was n't what the fellow who sat behind her called it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

HIS RECOLLECTION.

"What was the face of the note you gave me?" asked the man who sometimes lends money.

"I can't say," was the answer; "but I remember that it had a very disagreeable expression." — *Washington Star*.

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Gives Most Light.
PRICE \$2.50.

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REPORTER.—Then why don't you tell your advertising solicitor to try and get an ad. from Dr. Woodbury? — From Fashion.—Adv.

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TALK U.S. FIGHT.

AMERICAN-BORN CITIZEN.—I don't hear much about freeing Ireland of late?

IRISH-AMERICAN.—No; this Cuby business knocked us out.

AMERICAN-BORN CITIZEN.—In what way?

IRISH-AMERICAN.—Because, if we Irish talk about th' freedom of Oireland some dommed Anglo-maniac'll ask us phy we don't foight fer it loike th' Cubans be doin'!



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There is no

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\$5.00 to \$25.00.

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The first and only ale without sediment.

A bottle
of Evans' Ale,
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the cup of true
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has no dregs at
the bottom.

True a satisfying force!
Golds, Bocks, Ales and Beers.



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For 30 days to introduce, we will ship a swell '98 Model wheel to anyone C. O. D., upon receipt of \$1.00.
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is prepared for all kinds of leather—all kinds of shoes. Sold by all dealers. It is made by the makers of Vici Kid, known and worn the wide world round.

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Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEN a sinner turns saint he is apt to overdo it.—*Ram's Horn*.



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Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

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"PROTECTION" SOAP.—What is it?—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR BARBER. | WILLARD CHEMICAL CO., MALDEN, MASS.

A GERMICIDE FOR MEN AND WOMEN, AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR PILES, ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

SHORT RATIONS.

(Continued from 4th page.)

McVay and Shaw bestowed their goods in 31, and afterward went outside to smoke. At ten they returned. Ainé was prowling up and down the corridor. Nothing was seen of Cline. "Good night!" said McVay. "Going to turn in?"

"I would n't sleep in an upper."

"No; I don't know that I would," said McVay.

No. 31 had four berths, an upper and a lower on each side. McVay turned into the lower on the left. "You get into the other lower," he said to Shaw.

"But Cline —"

"I can't bother about Cline. I want you down here where I can talk with you. Cline will come in, find you asleep, and get into the upper hammock; it's plenty good enough for him."

"He may come in and whip us both."

"And he may come in and get whipped. I tell you, I would n't want to be in Cline's shoes."

"He's probably a big, two-fisted duck who'll eat us up."

"He may be small; — then how'd you feel if you hadn't run it on him? I say!"

"What?" said Shaw.

"How many pillows has Cline got over you there?"

Shaw investigated. "Two; you have two, have n't you?"

"Yes. Give me one of Cline's." Shaw threw him one of Cline's. "Take the other yourself," said McVay, generously.

"Great Scott! You'd leave him one pillow, would n't you?"

"No; — probably he don't use pillows; it might rile him to find pillows on his bed. We want to try to get along with Cline."

Shaw took the pillow and climbed down. Feet were constantly passing the door. "Mack," said Shaw, "this man Cline sits up all hours of the night; I'll bet he's dead-tough."

"Then we won't speak to him."

"When he comes in, we'll give him his pillows back, and he'll laugh over it as much as we do."

"We are not catering to Mr. Cline's mirth; we'll keep the pillows."

They lay still for a time. The wind was rising. Spray drove in at the open window; the sense of pounding over the waves was delicious. The air blew cooler and the youths desired more bed-clothing — not to keep them warm, but to keep them in confidence. McVay rose, took the covers off the berth above him and arranged them all on his own bed, with an air of quiet generosity.

"Give me some of that, Mack," said Shaw.

"I won't do it," replied Mack; "you want me to freeze? Take Cline's."

"Not much! What time is it?" McVay looked at his watch by the window, and reported that it was 12 o'clock.

"Cline is certainly dead-tough," said Shaw.

"He'll probably prefer to sleep in his clothes, then."

"Well, I'll take one blanket off his bed."

"Of course! Now, take the other. One blanket'll only aggravate

him." Shaw stripped off the blankets. In a nest of pillows, and with abundance of blankets, the young men fell asleep, bidding defiance to rack and wind and Mr. Cline.

In the morning McVay awoke. Shaw awoke. They looked around. Cline had not come in. His bed was a speaking witness to the indignity he had suffered. Full of satisfaction at the courage they had shown, refreshed by a night's slumber through wind and weather, inspired by the rising day and the sight of the pretty city towards which the boat now turned its prow, and McVay no doubt excited by the call he was to make, the youths gayly set about dressing. Presently they went out. The cabin seemed dark and close. Almost at the door they saw Ainé. His hair and whiskers were uncombed. It seemed as if the fire of indignation had burned in his face till it had left only ashes.

"Ah! up already?" said McVay.

"I have not been in bed. I shall make trouble about this."

"And how rocky you look! You can sue for big damages. That man Cline never came around, and we had the whole room to ourselves. Talk about getting berths!"

"I shall have an investigation made by the Company," said Ainé.

Here the clerk came up. "Is Mr. Ainé here? We made a mistake last night, Mr. Ainé. Just look at this register: that is your name, is it not?"

"J. C. Cline 2131

"It is, sir, certainly," said the aggrieved passenger; "That is perfectly plain, I believe: H. Ainé."

"Well, you see, last night I read it J. C. Cline."

"Then there is n't any Cline," said McVay. "Well, this is a fine fraud on us — bothering around to steal his bedclothes and dallying around."

Ainé received the clerk's apologies with no fair acceptance, but Shaw and McVay, affecting to listen to them carefully, assured the clerk it was all right, and told him to say no more. "I think I will call at your house to-day, Mr. Ainé," said McVay, while he was still in a light humor; "I used to know Mrs. Ainé at the Point."

"Oh, yes! she was there once. But you were yearlings then!"

"Met her in my second-class and first-class years."

"You graduated in 188—? She was not there that Summer. You are thinking of her cousin, Miss Ruth Lancaster; she was there then. My wife's name is Maud."

"I thought," said McVay, "that I heard Miss Ruth was married?"

"I am very glad I met you, Ainé, very glad. Come and have breakfast with us. No excuse now —"

"No. Should be glad to have you call, but Mrs. Ainé has gone to West Point for the June hop. I shall join her. In fact, Miss Ruth will be there, too."

When Ainé excused himself, McVay's cup was full. The friends were back in Chicago in three hours, and by night they were away toward the East.



A DIFFERENCE.

She quite despised a lover who
To trade his talents bent;
But joyed to have His Lordship woo,
Because he business meant.

PERFECTLY NATURAL.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—Why did Eve eat the apple?

BRIGHT PUPIL.—Because the Lord told her not to.

TOO MANY people think they can work their way into heaven on a pass given them by an ecclesiastical superior.



THE DIFFERENCE.

We've all been taught it is a sin
To steal a single, little pin.
Embezzlement's the proper caper,
Appropriate the whole, blamed paper.

IF YOUR wife has no reason for her advice,
you never make a mistake in taking it.

IT MAKES some women blue to think they
have no excuse for feeling blue.

MOST SUCCESSFUL men are willing to admit
that there is not so much luck in the world
as is generally supposed.

REMODELED.

"Live and let live," we once believed
Some toleration showed;
"Wheel and let walk," these days we think
Would be the proper mode.

QUICK WORK.

JONES.—I married my wife a month after she accepted me.

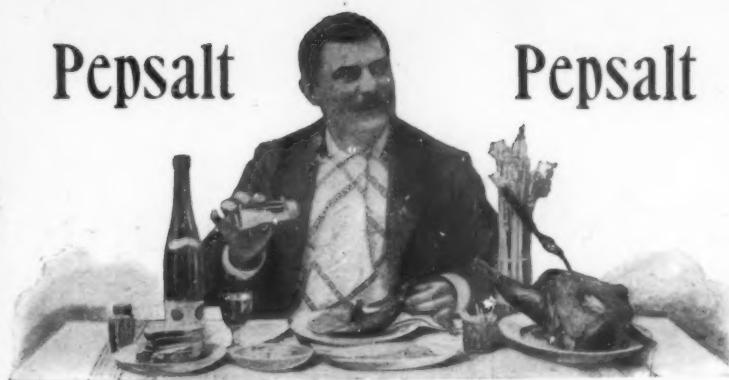
BROWN.—And I married mine three days after she refused me.

CRITICISM, LIKE charity, should begin at home.

PLATONIC LOVE is merely the first course.



Pepsalt



INDIGESTION HAS NO TERRORS FOR HIM

That salt-shaker is filled with PEPSALT. It cures and prevents indigestion. Season your food with it. It tastes like salt, in fact is salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. The PEPSALT mixes with every particle of your food and digests it all. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

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Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
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HOW WE SUFFER.

CUBAN SYMPATHIZER.—This Cuban war has caused a tremendous amount of suffering.

COMMON CITIZEN.—You bet it has! Just think of having to read four columns of biased reports of it every morning!

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Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using &

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the KEELEY Institute, White Plains, N. Y., or 358 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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All the above beautiful colored pictures will appear in TRUTH. \$1.00 will bring TRUTH for 6 months; and following pictures on heavy plate paper for framing, will be given free as a premium.

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| Lv CHICAGO | 10.00 a.m. |
| Ar OMAHA | 11.50 p.m. |
| | SAME DAY. |
| Ar DENVER | 1.30 p.m. |

NEXT DAY.

A Ladylike Chronicle.



AS TOWARD the "L" I wend my way
I stop beside the stair,
And buy a paper of the lady
Selling papers there.

And then I mount to upper air
And step aboard — or fall;
I may not sit me in a seat —
The ladies have the call.

Eftsoons I reach my stopping-place —
Get off — seek elevation
To where awaits the lady who
Typewrites at my dictation.

I toil away the busy morn —
The noon tide finds me pale —
Then to the waitress lady go
And get my cakes and ale.

Then back to work till dewy eve,
Then home with footstep fleet,
But pause to buy a posy of
The lady in the street.

The housemaid lady opes the door,
Straight up the stair I dart —
Two lips meet mine, and I have clasped
A woman to my heart.

Morris Wright Pool.

